

How Peter bothered the Lawyers.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN.

What it was that took me into the Court-room of T—, whether unpleasant business or ignoble curiosity, need not be known even unto you dear reader. The only fact I wish you to understand, is, that I was there, and that while there it became my fortune to meet once again with my old acquaintance, Peter Mulrooney.

When I entered the Court-room there was quite a mixture of oval Irish and round German faces outside of the iron railing which forms the barrier to encroachments upon the dignity of the bar; and, judging from the broken heads and blackened eyes exhibited by many of the spectators, it was not difficult to surmise that the occasion which had brought them together was to obtain the plaster of the law for wounds which had lately been received by one of those spirited rows which warm up so delightfully the old Celtic heart.

But let me describe the scene. Within the railing, and running from it at right angles, were some seven or eight benches, crowded with quite a respectable number of witnesses, consisting of a delicate sprinkling of all nations. Parallel to the benches, but on the opposite side of the Court-room on elevated seats, sat the terrible jury. The central space was occupied by a fair mahogany table, covered with green cloth, around which were seated quite a number of daintily dressed gentlemen, who styled themselves attorneys at law. Seated in the centre and rear, on an elevated platform, dominating the humbler desk of the clerk, were a couple of grave elderly gentlemen, with keen eyes and placid faces, whose posts of honor indicated the judicial nature of their functions.

The case, which was already up for hearing, was, as I expected, one of assault and battery. The facts, as they were dimly elicited, appear to have been these:—The Irish, who were the defendants, had, some short time previous, been invited to wake one Mr. MacShane at a short distance in the county, while, on the same evening, the Germans had been out dancing at one of their customary festival balls. These two parties returning homewards somewhere in the small hours met, and meeting fought; but, who began the affray, seemed as difficult of discovery as the Philosopher's stone.

Just as I entered, the counsel for the defence was in the act of examining a slip of paper. Presently, he said to the clerk—

'Call Peter Mulrooney, if you please.'

What do you expect to prove by him?' said the attorney for the prosecution.

'A good deal that may take you by surprise,' responded the other with a smile.

'Ah, I dare say,' said the prosecuting attorney, whom we shall call Mr. Bibulous.

'I dare say; these Irish always hang together.'

'Speak your sentiments more plainly,' said the other, with a laugh; 'perhaps you would rather they should hang together.'

'I don't know,' said Bibulous, who being of opposite politics to the Irish party in T—, regarded them with no little aversion.

'Peter Mulrooney,' cried the clerk.

'Peter Mul-rooney!' exclaimed the stentorian crier.

There was no answer beyond a quick shuffling of feet, and an eager whispering, in which a touch of the brogue predominated.

'Si-lence!' shouted the crier. And then he called out again, at the top of his voice.

'Peter Mul-rooney!'

'Whist! ye Omadaun!' said Peter, who had at this time been standing quietly by the side of the other. 'Sure, as I'm not a little gossoon lost in a crowd, there's no nade to bellow afther me like a great bull calf.'

'Why didn't you answer then?' said the crier, surlily.

'Arrah, betther manners to ye!' retorted Peter.

'Would I be afther disturbin' their honors in that dirty way; an' I a gentleman of standing, an' a taeher of the daciesies?'

'You swear, Mr. Mulrooney?' said the clerk, proffering the book.

'Do you take me for a haythen?' said Peter, indignantly. 'Sure it's not respectful to swear in a court of justice.'

'But you must swear,' said the clerk, sharply.

'Did ye'r honors iver hear the likes o' that!' said Peter, appealing to the bench. 'A Christian man, an' a dacent lookin' man, too, barrin' he has lost his crop of hair intirely—an' put on a strange-lookin' thatch!—the clerk wore a wig—to make me burglariously an' fee-loniously swear before the face of yer honors, an' the gentlemen of the jury, an' the gentlemen of the bar. Oh! but the virtue in me won't let me do that same.'

'Mulrooney,' said one of the judges, striving to repress the quivering about the muscles of his lips—his associate was stuffing a white handkerchief into his mouth—'Mulrooney, you must be aware that it is always necessary for a witness to take an oath before he can be permitted to give evidence at the bar.'

'Sure, sir, I know,' said Peter innocently.

'That is what the clerk requires of you,' continued the judge, who added, with a faint attempt of gravity—'you will also recollect that it is our duty to commit any one to prison for contemptuous behavior in court.'

'Long life to ye'r honor,' said Peter, 'sorra bit I'll disgrace meself by hurtin' the feelins' of any respectable grey-haired gentleman like yerself, or ye'r honor's brother yonder, who is atin' his white handkercher to stop the hunger pain. Deed sir, I'd be takin' great shame to meself if I did.'

'Swear him!' said the judge, nodding hastily to the clerk, and sinking back in his well-cushioned seat.

'Now, Mr. Mulrooney,' said the counsel for his friends, 'tell us what you know about this affair.'

Peter's story is a perfect rigmorole. He had been to his friend McShane's wake—he had returned from it—his friends got into trouble with the Germans; but as to how the affray commenced, his memory clear enough before, became suddenly very hazy. All he could recollect was, that sundry of the Irish being soundly pummelled by the Germans, pummelled quite as soundly their antagonists in return.

The cross-examination now commenced, and, as Peter caught up and repelled every move of the keen-witted attorney, the contest between cultivated sharpness and native shrewdness, became gradually very exciting.

'Well, Mr. Mulrooney,' said the attorney, 'you say you left home in the evening, to assist in observing this national custom of yours. About what time in the evening?'

'Deed, sir,' replied Peter, with the utmost simplicity, 'but that bates me to say. 'Twas betwixt and betwixt sun-down and moon-rise.'

'You are at least sure of that, I suppose,' said the attorney, quickly.

'Och, by the powers! that I am,' said Peter, with a keen twinkle of the eye.

'Have you an almanac, Mr. Clerk, pray see at what time the sun set, and the moon rose, on the eighth of April last?'

'Sun set on the eighth of April,' drawled the clerk, in his usual nasal tone, 'at twenty-four minutes past six; moon rose at thirty seven minutes past eleven.'

There was a sudden roar throughout the Court, like the surge of waves upon the sea beach; the face of the prosecuting attorney flushed crimson, while Peter Mulrooney looked the very picture of unconscious innocence.

'You must speak to the point, witness,' said the Judge, with all the sharpness he could command. 'Your answer is impertinent.'

'Troth, ye'r honor,' said Peter, respectfully, 'it's sorry I am for that. Sure, 'tis the thruth I am tellin', by virtue of me oath.'

'What o'clock in the evening was it, sir,' said the prosecuting attorney, whose red nose was now getting fiery.

'Sorra bit I know,' said Peter.

'Think; fix upon some daily occurrence for your guide, and tell the jury if it was before or after.'

'Oh!' said Peter, after apparently reflecting a little. 'It was after tay.'

'Ah, now we shall get at it!' said Mr. Bibulous triumphantly. 'It was after tea you say. Well, sir, at what hour do you usually take tea?'

'That depends upon convenience,' said Peter, with an air of the most profound thought.

'Sometimes we have tay for dinner, an' sometimes we have dinner for tay.'

The attorney looked vexed. 'I want to know your usual hour of taking the evening meal we call tea. Is it four—five—six—seven—or eight o'clock?'

'Yes, sir, that's the thruth!' said Peter, nodding his head.

'Which of those hours?' said the attorney sharply.

'If it 'ud be plasing ye not to be afther botherin' a poor boy, I'd be thankful,' said Peter. 'It's little I know about the one hour or the other, we dhrive the tay time up an' down the night so.'

The attorney bit his lips—'Are you married, sir?' said he.

'Oh, but that does be botherin' me entirely: sure I think so.'

'What! Don't you know whether you are married or not?'

'Aisey—Aisey if you please—sure 'tis a throuble-some question to answer any way, an' that's no lie. Mistress Biddy Connolly cooited an' married me wanst; but sure it strikes me I must be a widdy now.'

'A widdower you mean, I suppose. Your wife is dead then?'

'Who? Biddy Connolly. Troth sir, it's my serious opinion the fat ould woman is presarvin' herself for another husband twenty years for-nent us.'

'You are divorced, are you?' said the attorney, looking significantly at the jury, as much as to say, 'Ha! ha! here's a pretty witness for you!'

'Divorced! not a bit of it,' said Peter quietly. 'Separated then?'

'That's it!' said Peter; and then bursting out into a low rich laugh, he added, 'Oh, by the mortal, but it was glad I was when Michael Connolly came back from his shipwreck, and aised me shoulder of my matrimonial desaver.'

'When you reached the house of the late McShane, what did you and your partner do?'

'Went in sir!' said Peter, with the utmost simplicity.

'What next?'

'Gave Dennis McShane as dacent a wake as ever was seen out of ould Ireland.'

'Now, Mr. Mulrooney, you have told us you were present when this riot took place. I wish you to state distinctly who began it.'

'I'd like to know av it plase ye,' said Peter, humbly, as he smoothed the crown of his hat. 'I'd like to know av a wise, an' a understandin' jittle-man like yerself, if ye can tell me when two dark clouds come together, an' strike lightning, which of the two shtruck first?'

'This is no answer. Clouds cannot be compared with two parties of drunken men.'

'I think the answer quite pertinent,' said the attorney for the defence with a smile, 'for both clouds and men appear to have been charged with the fluid.'

'Ah, ha!' said Mr. Bibulous, nodding significantly at Peter; 'Ah, ha! the man is no fool, I see!'

'I'd be sorry to contradiet yer experience,' said Peter, smoothly; 'an' sure I'd like to return the compliment, but for the virtue of me oath.'

'What kind of a piece of road was it where this affray took place,' said the attorney angrily; 'was it straight or crooked?'

'Na'herally it was as straight and purty a piece of road as ye'd like to look at; but cir-

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS FOR AUGUST, 1856, AT LOS VEGAS.

BY J. L. WORKMAN.

Day of Week.	Day of Month.	Morning.			Noon.			Evening.			GENERAL REMARKS.
		Thermometer. 6 a. m.	Weather. 6 a. m.	Wind. 6 a. m.	Thermometer. 12 m.	Weather. 12 m.	Wind. 12 m.	Thermometer. 6 p. m.	Weather. 6 p. m.	Wind. 6 p. m.	
Frid'y	1	95	clear	s	105	cloudy	w	94	cloudy	w	In the shade.
Satur'y	2	93	"	e	108	"	s	92	"	"	Heavy thunder; dry.
S	3	94	hazy	e	103	"	s	93	"	"	"
Mon'y	4	81	cloudy	s	94	"	"	90	"	"	"
Tues'y	5	93	clear	w	101	"	"	86	"	w	Few drops of rain.
Wed'y	6	94	hazy	s	105	clear	"	94	"	"	"
Thur'y	7	95	clear	"	106	hazy	w	93	hazy	"	"
Frid'y	8	97	"	n	107	clear	n	97	"	s	Thermometer 165 deg. in sun.
Satur'y	9	97	"	e	105	hazy	e	93	"	n	"
S	10	98	"	e	102	cloudy	"	92	"	e	"
Mon'y	11	92	cloudy	"	102	hazy	"	93	"	e	Thermometer 128 deg. in sun.
Tues'y	12	94	clear	s	101	clear	s	90	"	s	Heavy rain in the mountains.
Wed'y	13	95	"	"	100	"	"	94	clear	"	"
Thur'y	14	95	"	w	99	"	"	95	"	"	"
Frid'y	15	100	hazy	s	105	"	"	90	"	"	"
Satur'y	16	93	clear	w	100	"	w	80	"	"	Thermometer 128 deg. in sun.
S	17	66	"	"	100	"	"	88	"	w	"
Mon'y	18	60	"	"	100	hazy	"	86	hazy	"	"
Tues'y	19	61	"	"	98	clear	"	82	"	"	Heavy rain in the mountains.
Wed'y	20	70	"	s	94	"	s	82	"	s	"
Thur'y	21	69	"	w	92	"	"	84	"	"	"
Frid'y	22	53	"	"	90	"	w	82	cloudy	w	"
Satur'y	23	57	cloudy	"	92	"	s	78	clear	s	"
S	24	58	clear	w	93	"	"	82	"	"	Weather very dry.
Mon'y	25	55	"	s	93	"	"	83	"	"	"
Tues'y	26	53	"	e	91	"	"	82	"	"	"
Wed'y	27	51	"	"	92	"	w	80	hazy	w	"
Thur'y	28	51	"	"	94	"	"	80	"	"	"
Frid'y	29	49	"	s	92	"	"	82	"	"	"
Satur'y	30	54	"	"	94	"	"	82	clear	"	"
S	31	51	hazy	"	91	"	"	80	"	"	Continues dry.

cumstantially, it was as crooked as a jittleman that has lost his timper,' said Peter.

'How do you make that out?'

'Sure 'twas the liquor that made the differ.'

'Oh! then, you confess to your party having been drunk.'

'It's my serious opinion that it was them Germans that was bating about like a wrack at say; an' that my frinds behaved themselves like dacent people, but it's not aisey to say.'

'When you were at McShane's did you eat and drink?'

'Sure sir; what did we go there for? Would ye have us starvin' wid the hunger, on an occasion the likes of that?'

'Certainly not—of course, certainly not. Now, please to tell the jury what the refreshments consisted of.'

'Lashin's of atin and dhriakin,' said Peter boldly.

'Never mind the eating, what kind of drink had you?'

'Poteen,' said Peter, 'wid the thrue flavor of the pate about it.'

'Poteen! Poteen!' said the lawyer, as if affecting ignorance of the liquor; 'pray, Mr. Mulrooney, will you oblige me by explaining what Poteen is?'

'Arrah!' said Peter, slyly casting his eyes at the rubicund nose of his questioner—'As if ye didn't know?'

The prosecuting attorney, with his obnoxious nasal organ growing redder and redder, turned to the Bench and gesticulated vehemently. What he said could not be heard amid the storm of laughter.

'Si-lence!' shouted the crier.

'Witness,' said the judge, absolutely snorting in the effort to maintain a becoming gravity, 'Witness, this cannot be allowed any longer.—What is the reason you evade a direct reply to the question? Answer him; he must be answered.'

'Troth, sir, I'll do that thing. The raison?—Sure I supposed it was makin' fun of me he was.'

'Why should you suppose that?' said the attorney fiercely.

'Bekase, as I looked at yer Veshavin' of a nose, I thought ye must be well acquainted with the crater.'

The judges fell back and exploded; the prosecuting attorney sank into a chair as if a ten pound shot had fallen suddenly upon his head; the auditors were almost purple in the face, and there stood Peter, looking about him with a sort of inquiring wonder upon his face, as if utterly unconscious of any cause for such a noisy outbreak.

'Have you done with the witness?' inquired the counsel for the defence.

'Let him go; said the attorney sharply. 'I can do nothing with him.'

Peter's eyes now fairly twinkled. As he left the box, he drew down the corners of his mouth with the most sovereign contempt.

'Augh!' he muttered. 'It 'ud take a dozen little red nosed men to bate Pether Mulrooney, ayther wid the tongue or the shillelah, I does be thinkin'.'

BALLOON ASCENSION ON HORSEBACK.—In reference to the balloon Ascension and descent of Mons. and Mad. Goddard, at Manchester, N. H., on the Fourth, the 'Mirror' says that they went up at twenty minutes past eight o'clock, the horse hanging his head low down with eyes intently fixed upon the earth, without struggling a particle. They were soon high in the heavens, about 9,500 feet, according to Mons. Goddard's estimate, sailing in a southerly direction. They made a circuit of about twelve miles, and at five minutes before nine o'clock landed in a field belonging to William Plumer in Londonderry. They threw out an anchor and caught the balloon on the top of trees, where they remained some ten minutes before they could get free, in the mean time the horse eating the leaves of the tree, as if nothing had happened. The folks where he landed thought the end of the world was coming, and the devil was riding through the air. The woman rushed into the house and shut the door, and for some minutes the man was afraid to come and unfasten the horse. The horse went to feeding the moment he landed.

SYMPATHY FOR THE FALLEN.—For my part, I confess I have not the heart to take an offending man or woman from the general crowd of sinful, erring beings, and judge them harshly. The little I have seen of the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not anger.

When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed, the brief pulsations of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, the scorn of the world that has but little clarity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voice within, health gone, even hope, that stays longest with us, gone, I have little heart for aught else but thankfulness that it is not so with me, and would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow being with Him from whose hand it came.

One should not dispute with a man, who, either through stupidity or shamelessness, denies plain and visible truths.—[Locke.]

Cut Off.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—This certifies that David Williams, Isaac Sheppard, Wilkins Tift, James Vanderhoof and John Bair have been cut off from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints for unchristian-like conduct. JOHN W. HESS, Bishop, Farmington, Davis county.

Nov. 21, 1856.

The 31st Quorum, Attention.

The Brethren of the 31st Quorum of Seventies are requested to give their punctual attendance the first Sunday of each month, at the house of br. R. Pixton, two doors north of Whitehouse's Tin Shop, Council House street, at four o'clock p.m.

By order of the Council.

Notice.

The 4th and 23rd Quorums of Seventies are requested to meet their Presidents, every two weeks, at the residence of Nathan Tanner, 14th Ward, G. S. L. City, Saturday, Dec. 6th, at half-past six o'clock in the evening. Punctual attendance is expected. Members abroad are required to report themselves by letter, post paid, to M. Brewer, clerk of 4th Quorum, and Charles Lambert, of the 23rd Quorum, both residing in the 7th Ward.

MARRIED:

In this city, on the 18th inst., by Prest. H. C. Kimball, Mr. WILLIAM LYNCH, of this city, and Miss AGNES HARDIE, late of Edinburgh, Scotland.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

I HAVE in my possession a red COW, lined back and white belly, crop off right ear, four years old. JOSEPH GRIFFITHS, Pound Keeper. Union, Nov. 28, 1856.—38-1

Estray Ox.

CAME into my lot, Oct. 29, a red OX, about 4 years old, branded on the left horn and rump, marks in left ear; some white in his face and on the back bone; part of tail white, and some white under belly. 38-2. SAMUEL SULLY, 19th Ward.

Peach Trees.

SOME of them budded with apricots and the most select peaches, offered in exchange for produce, lumber, and three or four cords of wood if delivered soon. (38-2) L. RICHARDS, South east corner Council House block, G. S. L. City.

CASH! CASH! CASH!!!

CASH paid for Wheat, Corn, Peas and Beans, at the General Trading Store.

Wanted immediately, a large quantity of woollen socks, 20 bales kettles, and the highest price given for old gold and silver, watches, chains, diamond rings, &c.

H. J. JARVIS, Proprietor. N.B. A good Farm for sale in Davis co.; cheap; grain or store goods taken for pay. 38-3

TEETH! TEETH!!!

W. K. AITKIN, Surgeon Dentist, late from Edinburgh, Scotland, respectfully offers his professional services to those who may require them, and feels confident from his long experience and practical knowledge in every department of dental surgery, that he can give entire satisfaction to his patrons, the perfection of his instruments combined with his own skill in the use of them, guarantee almost painless operations in the most difficult cases. Office at Jarvis' General Trading Store. 38-3